

DAVY JONES;

OR

HARLEQUIN

AND

Mother Carey's Chickens.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

DECEMBER 27th, 1830.

The Music composed by MR. R. HUGHES.

The Dances by MRS. W. BARRYMORE.

The Scenery by MESSRS. MARINARI, ANDREWS, ADAMS, FRANKLIN,
VINCENT, SCHINOTTE, WILLETT, and SEWARD,

The Machinery by MR. NALL.

The Tricks by MESSRS. SEYMOUR and BLAMIRE.

The Properties by MR. BLAMIRE.

The Dresses by MR. PALMER and MRS. COOMBS.

THE WHOLE INVENTED AND PRODUCED BY

MR. W. BARRYMORE.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY W. KENNETH,

AT HIS

Dramatic Repository,

CORNER OF BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1830.

Price Ten-pence.

CHARACTERS.

<i>Davy Jones,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. HONNOR,
<i>Mother Carey,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. EATON,
<i>Her Chickens.</i>				
<i>Polar Star,</i>	-	-	-	Miss POOLE,
<i>Seven Pleiades.</i>				
<i>John Dory,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. SOUTHEY,
<i>Major Sturgeon,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. E. J. PARSLÖE,
<i>Finny Fanny,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. RICHARDSON,
<i>Storm Fiends, East, West, North, and South. Sea Nymphs.</i>				
<i>Captain Crosstree,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. BLANCHARD,
<i>William, -</i>	-	-	-	Mr. HOWELL,
<i>Kit Keel Haul,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. HARTLAND,
<i>Fishermen, Sailors, Marines.</i>				
<i>Susan, -</i>	-	-	-	Mr. WIELAND,
<i>Columbines</i>	-	-	-	{ Miss BARNETT and Miss BASEKI.

DAVY JONES;

OR,

Harlequin, and Mother Carey's Chickens.

SCENE I.

The North Foreland during a Storm.

Mother Carey seen floating in her Storm-chair—
her Chickens surround her—Davy Jones upon a
piece of rock.

Storm Chorus of Tempest Fiends.

'Tis the hour of joy when fierce tempests arise,
The spoils of the sea are the Storm Witches' prize;
Then, foul fiends, rejoice, see our mistress sits there,
Rock'd to and fro in her mystical chair!

Rejoice! Rejoice!

The storm gradually abates.

Don't see 248 47 Spencer

DAVY JONES *and Chorus,*

Hark ! Hark ! the fatal tempest's roar
Is silent, hush'd, and heard no more ;
To port, to port, they speed their way,
And safely moor ere break of day.

DAVY JONES (*Solo*).

Hence, hence, Mother Carey, hence homeward away,
The ocean reposes, with calm coming day.

MOTHER CAREY.

Then, my pretty chicks, hence, your mother with
speed,
Your breakfast will furnish with freshest chick-
weed.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Dear mistress, they fly with all possible speed,
So hasten, pray hasten, their promised chick-weed.

As they sing the last Chorus

THE TIDE RISES

And shews the interior of

MOTHER CAREY'S REFECTORY.

The ocean still seen above.

In some of the interstices of the rock you per-
ceive Mother Carey's younger branches of the

family in their snug nests. Mother C. calls her elder chicks about her.

MOTHER CAREY.

Say, Chicks, is all prepar'd when our guests do come?

FIRST CHICK.

All—All's prepar'd, and nothing underdone.

ELDER CHICK.

What hour, Mama, was named?

MOTHER CAREY.

Eight, dear Chick, for nine;
So wait no longer—quick, dish up, I'll dine.

[*Three knocks are heard.*

Who knocks?

DAVY JONES.

Davy Jones—Davy Jones,
With finny tribe to dine;
Quick, ope your door,
'Tis past the dinner time.

Coral gate being opened, OLD STURGEON enters, leading in FINNY FANNY, the Mermaid, followed by JOHN DORY, &c.

MOTHER C.

Tho' past the hour, no word I'll say,
You'll find things quite in pot-luck way ;
Miss Finny Fanny, take your seat by me,
'Tis not meet for maid, to sit by John Dory.

*They sit at table—CAPTAIN CROSSTREE appears
in his jolly boat.*

CAPTAIN.

What beauteous fish I yonder spy,
My hand at angling I will try,
Thornback and maid I know abound,
In this well stock'd fishing ground ;
Salt junk and pork shall bait my hook,
And for good sport I speedy look.
Let go the anchor, boys, a-head,
And quick give me the deep-sea lead.

*Down comes the anchor upon the table, breaking
it down, and upsetting the whole party—the
Mermaid faints.*

MOTHER C.

An anchor cast, and done in very spite !

DAVY JONES.

Enough to vex a very anchorite !

MOTHER C.

Restoratives seek—the electric eel!
The maid revived, they soon my pow'r shall feel!

(They rush out to procure the restoratives.)

CAPTAIN baits his line—lowers it out—the instant it comes near the Mermaid's nose she begins to revive—she sees the chop—takes it in hand—the CAPTAIN pulls up—“only a nibble”—lowers again—the chop goes into her mouth—“a bite”—the hook's in her gills—she is hauled to the surface—when from the treatment the CAPTAIN experiences, he drops her into the sea.

MOTHER C.

She's saved! the fairest maid of all the sea
Is still preserved from dread captivity.
In vain they strive a mermaid to ensnare,
For while she's left to Mother Carey's care,
For ever is she doom'd to be a miss,
And dwell within this watery abyss.

DAVY JONES.

Quick to council—ready means to hit on;
A hidden rock they may chance to split on.

MOTHER C.

Kind spirits, hear and aid me!

CHORUS.

(Invisible Spirits.)

We hear ! we hear ! we hear !
 And we will aid you.

MOTHER C.

Quick, then, to view,
 Shew the bold crew,
 Who would rob you
 Of sea maid true.
 This do—this do,
 I command you.

CHORUS.

We will aid you,
 The maid rescue.
 As bid by you
 We'll do—we'll do !

She waves—the scene changing to

SCENE II.

The section of a Ship of War.

Over the bulwarks you perceive the heights of
 Dover.

“ All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board.”

At this moment SUSAN, sweet eye-blackened Susan,
pops her head over the side of the ship,

“ Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew ?”

WILLIAM, who has been aloft upon the main yard,
suddenly looks below.

“ The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.”

SUSAN is now happy in her WILLIAM’s arms—she
is told she must go—horrid separation—WILLIAM
solicits to be allowed to go too, but is refused.

“ Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.”

WILLIAM, overcome, faints, and falls upon the stage.

POLAR STAR appears.

Rise, rise, my hardy noble tar,
And listen to your guiding star.
What though fierce breakers lie a-head,
From constancy you’ve nought to dread.
Away to shore—you need no boat,
All tars can keep their heads afloat.
Hence ! hence ! at danger’s call I’m nigh ,
You to the sea—I to air must fly.

(End of scene.)

SCENE III.

SUSAN's Cottage.

SUSAN enters crying—still waving her handkerchief to the Ships in the Downs.—She enters her Cottage—as she shuts the door CROSSTREE enters. WILLIAM appears, but, seeing CROSSTREE, starts and conceals himself. CROSSTREE knocks at door—SUSAN comes forth—she sees the Admiral—who makes love—when WILLIAM, rushing forth, makes him bite the dust. Marines enter—seize WILLIAM, who is borne off.

MOTHER CAREY *now rises in her Storm-chair with DAVY JONES.*

MOTHER CAREY.

Well I know the potent power t'employ
Revenge to glut and mar their ev'ry joy;
In the Bilboes' cast he pines in sorrow,
And dies before the coming morrow.

DAVY JONES.

To feast our eyes let scenes of sorrow come.

MOTHER CAREY.

Grant this, ye fiends, your duties then are done.

[*Waves, and the scene sinks and shows*

SCENE IV.

The Bilboes.

WILLIAM discovered on the ground.

INVISIBLE CHORUS.

The stars assemble in splendour bright,
Lustre adding to this festive night;
Then sorrow hence, let bright joy appear,
See the Pleiades assemble here,
True guide star to the Polar Star,
Protectors of the honest, hardy tar.

POLAR STAR.

A pledge t' redeem—Polar Star so bright,
Quits her station in the realms of night;
No more shall MOTHER CAREY'S illusive pow'r
Hold fearful sway in calm and tranquil hour.
No! the stars forbid it—so for a time
To raise a sprightly Christmas Pantomime.
You honest tar in garb so tight, so trim,
Appear! Appear! as agile Harlequin.

[*Scene changes to*

SCENE V.

PLEIADES.

The Pleiades their pow'r all combine
To give the motley wight a Columbine.

Quick! Behold! from the deep sea's briny bed,
His darling SUE doth raise her constant head.

POLAR STAR.

In time of need the wand will well assist,
And MOTHER CAREY's power sure resist.

[MOTHER CAREY *appears with* DAVY JONES

MOTHER CAREY.

What, defied! my potent pow'r condemned,
But to their mimic scene a hand I'll lend.
JOHN DORY, haste!

DAVY JONES.

Sturgeon bold and sturdy—
Sweet mermaid, too, aid our hurly-burly.

MOTHER CAREY.

While you, old dotard—ever be your doom—
To range the scene as slipp'ry Pantaloon.

[*After transformations, Harlequinade begins.*

End of Scene.

SCENE VII.

Farm House—ANDREWS.

SCENE VIII.

*Ruins of the Argyle Rooms—ANDREWS,
As they appeared on the Night after the Fire.
The Policy of Insurance shewn.*

SCENE IX.

Belle Vue Cottage—FRANKLIN,
*Ten Miles from London, with a beautiful Pros-
 pect of the surrounding Neighbourhood.*

Parish Officers on the alert.

SCENE X.

The Brighton Archway—MARINARI,
*Raised by the Inhabitants of the Town in honor
 of their Majesties' Visit in August.*

National Medley Ballet.

SCENE XI.

Commercial Dock Canal.—ANDREWS.

Little Harlequin—Master MARSHAL.
 Little Columbine—Miss MARSHAL.

IRISH SONG—Miss POOLE.

Composed by BLEWIT.

Och, every one knows it is
 Pat's darling delight
 To talk to the petticoat
 On a dark moonlight night:
 But fate quite contrary is ;
 Faith what can I do,
 My love for dear Mary is
 Strong, lasting, and true.

Mary's mud-cabin is rich,
 That all the neighbours allow;
 Her father has got a fat pig,
 Her mother can boast of a cow.

(*Spoken.*)—And sure the father, mother, cow,
 pig, and Mary, lived a quiet life, barring the noise,
 &c. &c.

Serjeant Macshane did rattle and
 Talk loud of the wars,
 Fought o'er each battle, and
 Bragg'd honours and scars;
 While he, so valorous,
 She, mild as a dove,
 In notes so dolorous,
 I tendered my love.
 Cupid's sweet words did prevail,
 Blinded completely the sight,
 Duty 'gainst love in the scale,
 Show'd the heavy and light.

(*Spoken.*)—In lasses, hearts, when an ounce of
 love is in, it pushes a pound of duty out, &c.

SCENE XII.

Nursery for Pet Children.—ADAMS.

The Pet Child—Mr. WIELAND.

SCENE XIII.

*Exterior of Upholsterers.—WILLET.
With the Farce of Turning the Table.*

SCENE XIV.

*New and splendid Diorama, designed and painted
by Mr. Stanfield.*

The various Views will display the stupendous and
extraordinary Military

PASS OF THE SIMPLON,

&c. &c. &c.

LAST SCENE.

MOTHER CAREY.

Caitiffs! why have you paused in your pursuit?
Do you my pow'r deride, or will dispute?

DAVY JONES.

Hence, catch the fugitives, nor more dissemble;
Or, dread my utmost vengeance—hear and tremble!
[*They bring on HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE.*

POLAR STAR.

Your task is o'er, that talisman resign,
Secure of triumph and your Columbine;

While you to your watery empire hie,
 And 'mid storm and furious tempest fly.
*She waves—MOTHER CAREY takes her flight in
 her storm-chair—as*

[Scene changes to

*The Union of the Waters
 in the
 Palace of Neptune.*

FINALE.

Storms are o'er—perils past,
 We shall taste true bliss at last;
 Sports and play lead the way
 On this happy holiday!

THE END.